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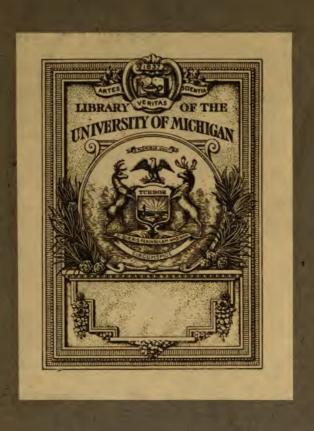
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Victoria

June 20, 1837

June 20, 1897

I

The lark went up, the mower whet his scythe, On golden meads kine ruminating lay, And all the world felt young again and blithe, Just as to-day.

II

The partridge shook her covey from her wings, And limped along the grass; on leaf and lawn Shimmered the dew, and every throat that sings Chanted the dawn.

III

The doe was followed by her new-dropped fawn,

And, folding all her feathers on her breast,

The swan within the reedmace deep withdrawn

Dreamed on her nest.

IV

In the green wheat the poppy burst aflame,
Wildrose and woodbine garlanded the glade,
And, twin with maiden Summer, forth there
came

A summer Maid.

V

Her face was as the face of mid-June when Blossoms the meadowsweet, the bindweed blows:

Pale as a lily first She blenched, and then Blushed like a rose.

VI

They placed a Crown upon her fair young brow, They put a Sceptre in her girlish hand, Saying, "Behold! You are Sovereign Lady now Of this great Land!"

VII

Silent She gazed, as one who doth not know The meaning of a message. When She broke The hush of awe around her, 'twas as though Her soul that spoke.

VIII

"With this dread summons, since 'tis Heaven's decree,

I would not palter, even if I could;
But, being a woman only, I can be
Not great, but good.

IX

"I cannot don the breastplate and the helm,
To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird,
Nor in the discords that distract a Realm
Be seen or heard.

x

"But in my People's wisdom will I share,
And in their valour play a helpful part,
Lending them still, in all they do or dare,
My woman's heart.

ΧI

"And haply it may be that, by God's grace, And unarmed Love's invulnerable might, I may, though woman, lead a manly race To higher height;

XII

"If wise will curb disorderly desire,
The Present hold the parent Past in awe,
Religion hallowing with its sacred fire
Freedom and Law.

XIII

"Never be broken, long as I shall reign,
The solemn covenant 'twixt them and me,
To keep this Kingdom, moated by the main,
Loyal yet free."

XIV

Thus with grave utterance and majestic mien
She with her eighteen summers filled the
Throne

Where Alfred sate: a girl, withal a Queen, Aloft, alone!

χv

But Love that hath the power to force apart
The bolts and baulk the sentinels of Kings,
Came o'er the sea, and in her April heart
Folded his wings.

XVI

Thenceforth more dear than diadem She owned A princely helpmate, sharer in her trust, If not her Sceptre:—since, withal, enthroned By Time the just.

XVII

Scorner of wrong, and lover of the right, Compounded all of nobleness he seemed, And was indeed the perfect gentle Knight The poet dreamed.

XVIII

So when the storm of wrath arose that drave
Scared Rulers from their realms, Her
Throne, deep laid
In liberty and trust, calm shelter gave
To Kings dismayed.

XIX

And stronger grew the bond of love and grace
Betwixt Her and her People, while that She
Reigned the glad Mother of a Royal race,
Rulers to be.